

WEEKLY MUSEUM.



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 38.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 734.

THE MAID OF ST. MARINO.

[CONCLUDED.]

JACQUES then, at Vanzenza's request, came forward, and related the following particulars respecting his young charge, whom he found in a superb tent belonging to a Turkish officer, the ornaments of which had attracted his notice, and induced the party to which he belonged to enter in hopes of plunder; that when their business was almost completed, a heavy groan, proceeding from a sofa, alarmed him. Turning to see from whence it came, he perceived the figure of a man, apparently dying, who beckoned him with convulsive eagerness; and then pointing to the weeping little creature, clasping his hands as if to implore protection for it. As Jacques advanced, he perceived the sinking form respire with difficulty, and unable to breath another syllable, immediately expired. Struck with the scene, our soldier drew away the distressed child, and intersted by her extreme grief, he determined not to abandon her; but, although inconveniently situated, contrived to keep her till the campaign ceased, after which period he returned to St. Marino; when, uncertain how far his generosity might be allowed for among his friends, Mingotti chose to announce her as the orphan of an English soldier, who had left property sufficient to maintain her sparingly, which the sale of those ornaments he found in the tent enabled him to do.

This was all Jacques could ascertain respecting his young favourite, and with this Vanzenza and Lady Juliana were obliged to be satisfied, although the wishes and half formed hopes of both pointed to an elucidation still more satisfactory.

Delighted with their cordial reception, Mingotti and his foster-child saw several days pass with unusual rapidity, nor once repented the eagerness with which they had quitted Marino to learn the fate of their valued friend.

The time soon arrived when Taverini and his iniquitous assistant were to receive the reward of their crimes; and on the morning after their condemnation, a memoir from Giovanni was received by the Countess, which accounted for the full revival of her long protracted felicity. It was couched in the following terms:—

MEMOIR OF GIOVANNI TAVERINI.

THE FIRST PART WRITTEN BEFORE HIS CONDEMNATION.

AT a moment when the treachery and baseness of a conduct, which has brought about destruction to all my prospects, can no longer further the views I am constrained to abandon, this confession can claim no merit; nor is it extorted so much by justice, as a means of checking the triumph my fall has occasioned. Know, then, Lady Juliana, that, in default of a nearer claim, I, the despised Giovanni, am heir to Vanzenza's possessions; nor wonder if I strove to obtain it by what the cold-blooded man would denominate unlawful methods. Yes, Lady, I glory in the mischief I have wrought; and have the consolation to know, there is another dart in store to wound your peace—Your child the little Leonilla, I sent to England; where she soon died. I fabricated the tawdry tale of my Cousin's apparition;

and I—mark well the policy—imitated with exactitude a voice not easily to be copied. But what am I about?—Ah! how different are the sentiments which now actuated the wretched Taverini—my fate is decided—I must die!—No recompence can be made—Murdered Francis!—lost Leonilla!—Tortured Roderigo! When I began to write, it was under the influence of raging passion;—now reflection, aided by the representation of a worthy monk, supercedes the reign of malice, and I am constrained to say—I repent! Forgive then, oh, ye remaining victims of my infernal malice, forgive a wretch who cannot forgive himself!—Ha! what says Carlotti?—Lady Juliana, your child lives—She is at St. Marino.—Claim her, Lady;—She is at Marino, I repeat. But first hear Carlotti's confession, which you would have known before, but for reasons he chuse not to explain; although I imagine they originated in the hope of again seeing you, and expecting on that confession, to claim your interference for his relief. Those hopes are done away, and this is what he says:—“That in consequence of my orders, he conveyed the child and her nurse to England, where they were hospitably received. The horrid business I meant him to transact inducing him to return, he hastened hither, after appointing a means of correspondence with Leonilla's attendant, for whom he professed a great attachment. In consequence of which he was soon informed that the Countess of Salisbury, attracted by her child's beauty, took her into the family, and afterwards leaving England with the Earl, she was permitted to take the little girl and her nurse with her, who informed them of its origin, which procured Leonilla an attention equal to what a child of their own would have received. It was long after this, he was informed, that the Earl had been taken by the Turks, his family scattered, and himself numbered with the dead;—and, about two years since, business calling him to Marino, he saw a lovely creature, who was reported to be brought from Syria. The sight of this young girl immediately called to mind Leonilla, and his treachery; not that he could retain any knowledge of her features, but Leonilla had been taken to Palestine, and there was a possibility of her being captured with the Earl.”

“It must be so,” cried the weeping Countess. “Blessed Jacques, thou hast preserved my child, and Leonilla shall reward thee!”

The memoir then concluded with reiterated petitions for pardon to those he had so grievously offended; who struck by the evident sincerity of Taverini, joined in a full and free forgiveness of both the unhappy men. From a concomitance of every circumstance relating to Lucia's history, her consanguinity to the noble family was established beyond a doubt; herself remembering something of a voyage to Palestine—of seeing Lord Salisbury dying in the tent;—and she thought the Countess died on her passage to Palestine. Of the nurse she knew nothing after their arrival, nor was that of much consequence to those who had been so much injured by her treachery. But what fixed the idea of Lucia's affinity to Lady Juliana still more strongly, was

the evidence of the ring, which, upon opening a spring, discovered the initials J. V. under a very small miniature, where that Lady's features were exactly delineated.

To Count Vanzenza, who daily approached to convalescence, this developement was particularly delightful. His paternal affections were Leonilla's before her origin was ascertained; and he now thanked heaven for the society his soul loved. Of his own family nothing ever transpired, and the secret anguish he nourished for their loss proved the insufficiency of mortal enjoyments.

It is hardly necessary to add, that Jacques and Mariah withstood the very liberal offers of their noble friends, who wished them to reside at the castle, and passed the residue of their peaceful days in their favorite republic.

THE CAPTIVE.

FROM STERNE.

I sat down close to my table; and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it; and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

—I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groupes in it did but distract me,—I took a single CAPTIVE; and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from “hope deferred.” Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish.—In thirty years the western breeze had not once fann'd his blood:—he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—but here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting on the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand; and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door,—then cast it down, shook his head,—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

REMARK.

SUCH as have virtue always in their mouths, and neglect it in practice, are like a harp which emits a sound pleasing to others, while itself is insensible of the music.

REGULARITY OF NATURE IN FORMING THE HUMAN FACE.

IT is a good observation, that, among the number of faces we constantly see, we never meet with two that exactly resemble each other; but we seldom take notice of one circumstance that is very wonderful, which is, that every face is formed in such a manner, that, however ugly it may be, if not disfigured by accident, we could not change any part to render it more handsome without making it uglier, because, even in this ugliness, Nature has observed an exactness of symmetry which we should not condemn.

For example:—Suppose we had the power of lengthening the nose of a person who has a short one, it would be of no use; because the nose being rendered more long, it would not be symmetrical with the other parts of the face, which being of certain bigness, and having certain elevations and depressions, it is requisite that the nose should be proportionate.

Thus, according to certain very perfect rules, a flat-nosed person must be so; and, agreeable to the same rules, the regular-featured flat-nosed face would become a monster, could we give it an aquiline nose: moreover, it is sometimes necessary that a man should have no nose. Thus, for example, in buildings of the Tuscan order, it is proper to leave the columns with a volute: in the Corinthian or Ionic orders the volute is a beautiful ornament; but it would occasion an irregularity, and appear monstrous, in the Tuscan.

These considerations show us, that we ought not to ridicule any person for their apparent defects; for those we may so conceive are most frequently perfections. A small nose, small eyes, and a large mouth, form a species of beauty, which, though perhaps not entirely consonant to our ideas of a handsome person, we should not despise; it being, in fact, a species which has its rules.

When Nature forms a face, it is with the most just rules; and such is her regularity, that every one is produced perfect to her designs. From men judging by what pleases them, we find the Chinese esteem a flat nose and small eyes; the Africans prize triangular eyebrows, while in France they admire them arched; the Lybians love large mouths; the natives of Japan blacken their teeth; and in Ethiopia the most black are the most handsome; and our despising such beauties, are only proofs of the strange differences of the human mind.

There are as many different orders of beauty as of architecture; and, considering that Nature has her laws, we can never be wrong in saying, "that the most ugly face in the world is equally perfect and regular with the most handsome."

A BEAU OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

CONCEIVE to yourselves a Quixotic figure of a man, with long-pointed shoes fastened to his knees with gold chains; those of one colour on one leg, and of another colour on the other; short breeches of a remarkably thin texture, which hardly reached the middle of his thighs; a long beard, of which, it seems, they were particularly careful, having, at a much later period, buckram cases to preserve them from being tumbled in their sleeps; a silk hood buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals dancing dogs, &c. and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones: this dress was the top of the mode, in the reign of Edward III. What a contrast to the bucks of the present day!

ANECDOTES.

A Prelate of Gascony, having been elected Pope, in 1305, deputies came from his province to congratulate him, and declare their joy at his exaltation; their compliment being ended, one of them said to him,—"Holy Father, we are also come, in the name of your dear countrymen, the Gascons, humbly to intreat you to employ in their favor, the absolute power which it is said, you have upon earth. You well know, Holy Father, the barrenness of your poor country, whose inhabitants reap so little corn, that they are obliged to feed on Chestnuts to support themselves half the year; bestow on it, therefore, the fertility it wants; and grant that it may, henceforward, produce two harvests every year."—The kind Pope, who would not disoblige them on so small a request, replied,—"That he did, with pleasure, grant them their petition; and that as a still greater mark of his affection, he would add another gratification to it, which was, that whereas other provinces were allowed but twelve months to their year, the Gascons, through his special privilege, should have twenty four in very one of theirs."

THE SEASON.

THE drear blast whistles through the dusky sky,
And sweeps the blue waves of the foaming main;
Nature's gay robes in loose disorder fly,
And Pleasure pauses ere it leaves the plain.

NOVEMBER, issuing from his bleak sojourn,
O'er the wide waste the yellow foliage pours;
Opens wide the cover of his driz'ly urn,
Dreaming with frequent rain the shrivell'd flow'rs.

No more, as oft it wont, the dying gale
Sleeps on the bosom of the silv'ry wave—
No spicy odors scent the flow'ry vale—
No fabled Naiades in the fountains lave.

No more the merry swains their wake-times keep,
By the soft murmur of the rippling stream;
Striped of its charms, all Nature's wrapt in sleep,
Poetic fancy seems itself to dream.

SEATING, like a gay coquette, unfolds her charms,
That swell luxuriant to the gazer's view,
It's opening bloom the painting bosom warms,
Where every thing enchants, and all is new.

But chilling AUTUMN's like the chaste'd prude,
That shuns the glances of the young and gay;
Retreating still, disdaining to be sued,
Her charms decrease with each returning day.

Touch'd at the sight, O let Ambition view
His fate at this wild, desolated scene!
Let swelling Pride its hopeless fight renew—
Let Advice waken from its golden dream.

The hero, too, (if other lessons fail)
That sinks his country in the gulph of woe,
Whilst his ear riots at the bloody tale,
An earnest of his future fate may know.

For as the trees around yon dusky heath
So late were green, but now their leaves laid low
By the rude gale—so VIRTUE's sacred breath
Shall tear the carnal's'd laurel from his brow.

Yes, all that Valor, all that Wit can give,
Must fade like Autumn's leaves before the blast;
The buds of playful hope can never live,
In Life's cold winter—oh! they wither fast.

Ah! then, while health and blooming youth are ours,
O'er our frail hearts may Wisdom dart a ray;
Her sacred precepts see Religion pours,
To gild the prospect of our closing day.

A LADY'S LAST FAREWELL TO HER HUSBAND.

THOU who do'st all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy;
Thou dearest Husband, and thou dearest Friend,
To thee this last, this fond adieu I send.

At length the conqueror, Death, asserts his right,
And will forever veil me from thy sight;
He woo'd me to him with a cheerful grace,
And not one terror clouds his awful face.

He promises a lasting rest from pain,
And shows that all life's fleeting joys are vain;
The eternal scenes in Heaven he lets in view,
And tells me that no other joys are true.

But LOVE—fond LOVE, would yet resist his power,
Would fain a while delay the parting hour.
He brings thy weeping image to my sight,
And stays my passage to the realms of light.

But joy, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend,
Say, should'st thou grieve to see my sorrows end?
Thou knowest, a painful pilgrimage I've past,
And can you mourn that rest has come at last?

Rather rejoice, to see me shake off life,
And die as I have liv'd, your VIRTUOUS WIFE.

SONNET FROM SCRIPTURE.

HEW ye down AGAG, cried the offended Lord,
Hew ye the tyrant at mine altar down.
The prophet heard—he fears the godhead's frown,
And lifts on high the consecrated sword.

Why perish'd AGAG by the voice of God?—
He was a hero—he had led his hosts,
To pour destruction o'er the neighboring coasts,
And bathe in slaughter, and his iron rod
Spread desolation o'er the wasted land.

The fangs of many an orphan wretch arise,
The groans of many a widow pierce the skies,
And call down vengeance from th' Almighty hand.
Hew ye down AGAG, cried the offended Lord,
And frown'd on Israel till they rear'd the sword.

INSTANCE OF EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY IN A LITTLE CHILD.

"I was at Dresden (says St. Pierre) in 1765, and happened to go to the court Theatre: the piece performed was, 'The Father.' In came the electress, with one of her daughters, who might be about five or six years of age. An officer of the Saxon Guards, who had introduced me, said in a whisper, 'That child will interest you much more than the play.' In fact, as soon as she had taken her seat, she rested both hands on the front of the box, fixed her eyes on the stage, and remained with open mouth immovably attentive to the performance. It was a truly affecting exhibition: her face, like a mirror, reflected all the different passions which the drama was intended to excite. You could see, in succession, depicted upon it, anxiety, surprise, melancholy, sorrow: at last, the interest increased from scene to scene, the tears began to trickle down her little cheeks, accompanied with shivering, sighing, sobbing: till it became necessary at length to carry her out of the box, for fear of her being stifled. My companion informed me, that as often as this young princess attended the representation of a pathetic piece, she was obliged to retire, before it came to the crisis."

LAW CASE.

A few days ago, Ann Hudson summoned Mrs. E. H. before the commissioners of request, to enforce the payment of 11. 8s. alleged to be due to her for two months wages. The girl said she had hired herself to Mrs. H. who was a maiden lady, residing at Somers Town, on the 6th of February last, and was astonished that her particular services were to be directed to the care and maintenance of six favourite cats, for whom she was to purchase food, prepare it for their eating, and to give it up after their particular palates. Each was allowed 1d. a day, making in the whole 3s. 6d. a week, which money, she said, had been given to her by her mistress, and which she had regularly expended; but finding she could not give satisfaction, and feeling herself deranged in so strange an employment, she determined on quitting, to which her mistress consented, insisting at the same time on stopping 6d. a week out of her wages, that sum being regularly cribbed out of the allowance made on her little favourites. She would not consent to this stoppage and her mistress refused to pay her.

The lady, in her turn made her complaint, and contended that the maid had converted the allowances of the cats to other purposes.

The commissioners decided in favor of the servant. [London pap.]

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

A SAILOR of Martinique married a young woman, as virtuous as she was beautiful—and she having expended all the little money her husband had left her before he embarked, had recourse to a wealthy citizen to whose protection she had been confided. The citizen, inflamed with the charms of the fair borrower, demanded as the price of his services the surrender of her virtue. Relying on the hope of her husband's return, and shuddering with indignation at the proposal, the insulted woman refused without hesitation. The sailor did not arrive; and, in a few days, all the resources of this unhappy wife were exhausted; want too clearly made her sensible of her situation: she was a mother! and dreading to behold one infant perish at that breast which nourished it, and the other whose mature age demanded bread, expired of hunger before her, she sought the tyrant again, in hopes of softening him. But prayers and tears could obtain nothing from the barbarian; she was forced to capitulate; and vanquished by necessity, she permitted him to come to supper with her. After a meal, which was spiritless, the citizen pressed her to fulfill her promise. The poor woman took him to the cradle where her child was sleeping; and then pressing to her bosom, her eyes full of tears she said to it—"Drink, my dear babe! drink freely; thou hast received the milk of a virtuous woman, whom necessity alone stabs to the heart; to-morrow, for alas! I cannot wean thee—tomorrow I thou wilt drink the milk of an unhappy"—her tears finished the sentence. The citizen beheld—and was moved at the sight. Throwing his purse at his feet, he exclaimed—"It is not possible to resist so much virtue."

REMARK.

WHEN fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
Their kindness to offer and friendship sincere;
Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
No longer to count you they eagerly press.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1802.

CHARTER OFFICERS.

At the Election on Tuesday last, the following persons were chosen for the ensuing year.

FIRST WARD.

Wynant V Zandt, Jr. Alderman; Andrew Morris, Assistant.

SECOND WARD.

John Oothout, Alderman; Caleb S. Riggs, Assistant.

THIRD WARD.

Philip Brasher, Alderman; Ebenezer Stevens, Assistant.

FOURTH WARD.

John Bogert, Alderman; Jacob Leroy, Assistant.

FIFTH WARD.

John P. Ritter, Alderman; Robert Bogardus, Assistant.

SIXTH WARD.

Joshua Barker, Alderman; Clarkson Crolus, Assistant.

SEVENTH WARD.

Mangle Minthorne, Alderman; Henry Brevoort, Assistant.

It is reported by the captain of a vessel who arrived at Philadelphia on Sunday in a short passage from Norfolk, that on Saturday the 6th inst. and the two following days, they had at Norfolk the highest tides known in that place these 15 or 16 years. The town was nearly covered with water, and most of the stores near the harbor were filled, and great quantities of sugar, rice, &c. damaged.

Capt. Vickery, of the ship Missouri, arrived at Philadelphia on Sunday last, on the 8th inst. picked up, floating on some spars, at sea a man, who was almost exhausted, and has since been ill and deranged—but by the attention of the captain, he is in a likely way to recover—he gives the following account of himself:—That, about 6 or 7 days before he was taken up, he went on board a brig at Charleston, that had formerly been a schooner, had a woman head with two dogs along side her; and that she was called the Hunter—that she was a packet between Philadelphia and Charleston, and part owned in Philadelphia; that soon after he had entered, she sailed from Charleston, for Philadelphia; that being out about five days, in a violent gale, he, with several spars, were, by a sea, washed off the deck; that he soon after saw the brig overboard, that she floated some time, and the people got under her rigging—that he saw many of them washed off—the brig drifted past him, and he lost sight of her—On the spars he supposed he had been 35 hours when the Missouri took him up—He mentions there were four passengers on board the brig.

It is feared, from the above description, and other circumstances, that it is the brig Hunters, captain Prince, from Charleston, for Philadelphia, and that all but this poor fellow has perished.

We are told that capt. Jacob Cassin, his son Nicholas, and William Smith, all late belonging to the schooner Lady Thomas Jefferson, which was cast away on her passage from Cape Francois to Philadelphia, having escaped from one shipwreck in which they lost their all, had taken their passage on board the Hunters for Charleston, to Philadelphia, and have now found a watery grave.

Capt. Cove, in 30 days from Guadaloupe arrived at Philadelphia, informs, that the fever has greatly thinned the ranks of the French in that Island; that a great number of negroes are still in arms, throughout the country, and that the French could make but little head against them, and unless they have a pretty large reinforcement, it is thought the blacks will get possession of the island. The military duty imposed on the white inhabitants is severe indeed.—La Croix still commands there, and is almost daily hanging or shooting some of the blacks, under suspicion of treason. That there has been lately a massacre of 14 or 15 whites at a small village, by the blacks. That a white planter by the name of Claveaux, was apprehended, for writing to the black general, not to surrender, as neither he nor his people would be safe, let the French promise what they would; in consequence of which he was hanged—on the same gallows, a mulatto woman was executed for speaking her sentiments, of the cruelty of the army.

Letters per the Nautilus arrived at Baltimore, in 19 days from Port Republican, represent the islands to be in the most deplorable state. The coffee plantations are generally laid waste by the contending armies, and the present crop is nearly all destroyed. The blacks continue their ravages and are successful in almost every engagement with

the white troops. They are well supplied with arms and ammunition, have taken L'Arcadaye, and surround and menace Port Republican, which it was supposed they could make an easy conquest of, were they acquainted with the weakness of the place, and the diffnity of their opponents, 300 women and children and a few men had arrived at that place from L'Arcadaye, but not an officer escaped death—and several boats over-crowded with fugitive women and children, had sunk.

Captain Quails in a new schooner from Norfolk, had sailed for Jamaica three days before the departure of the Nautilus from Port Republican. The blacks were keeping up a continual fire on that town, but saw no return of fire—the houses appeared not to be burnt, and no firing in the country near the town. On passing St. Marks, saw 4 ships crowded with women.

Monday evening arrived at Philadelphia, the brig Surprise, (late the United States brig Scammel) capt. Thomas B. Bennett, who on his passage from Baltimore for Aux-Cayes, on the 21st and 22nd ult. in lat. 37, long. 69, had a most violent gale of wind at N. E. when she labored so much, being a deep watered vessel, that they were obliged to throw her deck load overboard; some time after which she broached too at two different times, and lay on her beam ends for several minutes; in the second of which they were obliged to cut the tides, and let the masts go overboard before she would right; and at this time, they lost John Grenor, a passenger, overboard. She also received considerable damage in her hull, so that she had been leaky ever since—On the 24th in lat. 37, 12, they spoke the barque packet, capt. Sawyer, from this port for Lisbon, out four days, all well—and the same day spoke ship Cornelia, captain Anderson, with troops from Halifax to Bermuda.

Capt. Sawyer furnished the wreck with every necessary they could spare and capt. Anderson furnished a spar—with this, and the stumps of her main-mast, they were enabled to make some sail and reach this port. On the 28th of Oct. in lat. 38, 59, capt. Bennett saw a considerable number of pieces of wreck, floating past him.

Philadelphia pap.

On the 14th of August was executed at Swabmunchen, near Augsburg, Germany, a woman aged 38, whose crime is of a nature calculated to fix the attention of those who study mankind. Between the 15th of January 1798, and the 2d of November 1801, this woman set fire to the town of Swabmunchen, fifteen times, in consequence of which fifteen houses became a prey to the flames, and a great number of persons were reduced to poverty. Several individuals, on whom suspicion fell, were sent to prison, but at length, happily for them, the real criminal was discovered by a labourer, who caught her in the fact. Her name is Marian Franklin; after seven examinations, in which she denied the crime, she at length, on the eighth, confessed her guilt, and pleaded in her justification, that from her youth she had been tormented by a violent penchant to set houses on fire; that she had resisted this desire for a long time, but at length overcome by her passion, she had burnt the houses alluded to, without any remorse. This woman, in other respects, had conducted herself with great propriety, and did not appear to be deranged in her mind. She was beheaded, and her body burnt.

MAGNANIMITY OF A CORSICAN ROBBER.

A Peasant, who in the most extreme indigence had become leader of a gang of banditti, and been long famous for his exploits, was at length taken, and committed to the care of a soldier, from whom he contrived to escape. The soldier was tried and condemned to die. At the place of execution a man coming up to the commanding officer, said, "Sir, I am a stranger to you, but you shall soon know who I am. I have heard that one of your soldiers is to die for having suffered a prisoner to escape; he was not at all to blame; besides, the prisoner shall be restored to you. Behold him here; I am the man. I can not bear that an innocent man should be punished for me, and I come to die my self." "No," cried the French officer, who felt the sublimity of the action as he ought, thou shalt not die, and the soldier shall be at liberty. Endeavour to reap the fruits of thy generosity; thou henceforth deservest to be an honest man.

Bills of Lading, &c.

For sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HIS soul will ne'er the gentler passions prove,
Whole inclination spurs Love's pleasing chain;
In wedded life alone those raptures move,
Where joys unceasing dwell, delights forever reign.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, last week, at Charleston (S. C.) by the Rev. Mr. Hammet, Mr. ZACARIAH WHEELER, of that city, to Miss ELEANOR DAVIS late of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Sirebeck, Mr. RALPH BOGERT, to Miss SARAH BONTE, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. JAMES QUICK, to Miss FLODY KINGSLAND, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

ALL flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower discoloured by the wind.

DIED.

In Charleston, (S. C.) the Hon. JOHN MATHEWS, Esq. A. 58, formerly Governor of South-Carolina; and until lately one of the Judges of the Court of Equity.

On Sunday morning last, Miss MARIA HARDING, of this city A. 16.

To-morrow-morning a CHARITY SERMON will be preached at St. George's Chapel, and a Collection made for the benefit of the Charity School; when a Hymn will be sung by the Charity Children, accompanied with the new Organ, by Dr. Jackson.

In the evening a CHARITY SERMON will be preached in the Old Dutch Church, in the English language, and a Collection made for the benefit of the Charity School.

ANECDOTE.

AN English Tourist, whose name is not just now recollected, has published a volume of his travels through the United States, in which he speaks particularly of the orderly manner in which the Elections are conducted in the city of New-York. "On the appointed day," says he, all the citizens take care to be at home at a certain hour, at which time the inspectors of the Election go through the city with ballot boxes in their hands, and call at every door for votes, whereupon the citizens step to their doors and deposit their ballots in these same little boxes, which are straightway carried to the City Hall; the votes are there examined, and thus the election is determined in a few hours, without uproar or inconvenience."

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented, the Comedy of

The School for Scandal,

SIR PETER TEAZLE, Mr. JOHNSON,
LADY TEAZLE, Mrs. JOHNSON,

To which will be added the Entertainment of

The Waterman.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.
TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 1, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

SARAH GUNN,

No. 128 WILLIAM STREET,

Takes the liberty of informing the Ladies that she has received another BOX of made-up Millinery by the late arrival from Bordeaux of the ship Swift, containing Bonnets, Caps, and Fashionable Head Dresses for the Assemblies.

November 20.

4w 1

For sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-slip,
BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds.

COURT OF AOPLO.

PAPER.

VARIOUS the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use;
Men are as various; and, if right I scan,
Each sort of paper represents some man.
Pray, note the fop—half powder, and half lace,
Nice as a band box were his dwelling-place;
He's the GILT PAPER, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'ferretore,
Mechanics, Servants, Farmers, and so forth,
Are COPY-PAPER of inferior worth;
Lest priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.
The wretch whom av'rice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is COARSE BROWN PAPER, such as pedlars choose
To wrap up wares which better men will use.
Take next the miser's contrivance, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes throughout;
He's a true SINKING PAPER, 'till all doubt.
The retail politician's anxious thought
Demands this side always right, and that stark naught.
He foams with censure, with applause he raves,
A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves:
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as ROUSSEAU has a name,
The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel if you sleep awry;
Who can't a jest, a hint, a look endure;
What is he? WHY TOUCH PAPER, to be sure.
What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find,
They are the mere WASTE PAPER of mankind,
Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,
She's fair WHITE PAPER, an unfully'd sheet,
On which the happy man whom fate ordains
May write his name, and take her for his pains.
One instance more, and only one, I'll bring,
'Tis the great man, who scorns a little thing;
Whose tho'ts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone:
True genuine ROYAL PAPER is his breath,
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

NOTHING NEW.

IN a proverb of old, by the wisest man nam'd,
Who from dear-bought experience pre-eminence claim'd,
A call of my office I'll venture to you,
Who exclaim, all thro' life, ye can find—Nothing New.
When the young married pair to their bliss return,
And no longer with raptures nor sensual burn;
Should the bride, in a pet, her cross destiny rue,
She's answer'd perhaps—"My dear, that's—Nothing New."
The braggard who bounces, flirts, swaggers, and swears,
Frightens the trembling recruit with his terrible airs;
Though he boasts of his prowess, should danger ensue,
Sneaks off like a coward—O, that's—Nothing New.
The lawyer, who substitutes quibbles for sense,
And depends on the strength of his vast eloquence,
When he brow beats a witness, his powers to shew,
Talks nonsense by wholesale—well, that's—Nothing New.
The statesman who argues—ye author who writes—
Have an eye to the purse which their labor requites;
But should it be clos'd, pry'hee, what can they do?
Why, abuse the purse-holder—ay, that's—Nothing New.
Since I've prov'd, in some points, and could prove many more
That what has been may be, till life's business is o'er,—
I'll beg to withdraw—bid my readers adieu:
Should they think me quite stupid—'t would be—Nothing New.

ANECDOTE.

A Young Englishman was sentenced at the Hague to pay 200 florins for breaking some Jew's heads. The Jews have since offered to let him do so again for half the money.

[London Paper.]

Almanacs

By the grace, dozen, &c. for sale at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

MORALIST.

THE fine days are gone; and except the pleasing remembrance of having enjoyed them, they have left us nothing but emblems of frailty. How is the whole face of nature changed! The rays of the sun fall faintly through dark clouds upon gardens stripped of flowers; on fields where there are scarce any traces of harvest; and on hills where no verdure is seen. The air no longer resounds with the melody of birds; the dull silence which reigns is only interrupted by the croaking of ravens, and the screams of the birds of passage taking leave of us to seek more temperate climates. The neighboring hills are become desolate; they are no longer covered with flocks of sheep, nor enlivened by their bleating. Our garden beds and grass plots are laid waste. How gloomy and melancholy the appearance of the whole country, once so cheerful! Instead of the beautiful verdure, which was its chief ornament it now offers nothing to the sight but a dead yellowish hue. The clouds are full of chilling rain; and thick mists veil from us the serenity of the morning. Such are the prospects which nature now presents. Who can behold them without reflecting on the instability of all earthly things! The fine days of Summer are flown; and while we were preparing to enjoy them, they disappeared, and are gone. But have we a right to murmur at the dispensations of God? No, certainly, we should rather recollect the past season, with the innocent pleasures it afforded, and bless the Ruler of the world for them. What sweet sensations they create! With what pure joy the soul is filled, in contemplating the beauties of creation! When the mountains and valleys grow green before our eyes; when the lake, soaring in the bright clouds, and the feathered chorists in the shady grove, warble their sweet song; when the flowers perfume the air around us; when the morning dawn diffuses universal gladness; or when the setting sun tinges our woods and hills with the finest glow; what happiness does the enjoyment of nature in full beauty afford us! What rich gifts do the gardens, fields, and orchards bestow upon us, exclusive of the pleasures they offer to the senses and the imagination! Can we reflect on the months that are passed, without a grateful emotion, and without blessing the Father of nature, who has crowned the year with his mercies? We are now living upon the productions of Summer and Autumn. We have observed how active nature has been during these fine seasons in fulfilling the Creator's beneficent views in favor of man. How many plants and flowers bloomed up in Spring! How much corn and fruit has the Summer ripened; and how plentiful has the Autumn harvest been! The earth has now fulfilled its design for this year, and is going to rest for a time.

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

It is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION as it with restores the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use at her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 139 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchois's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do—also at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price—pints 1 dollar 25 cents—half pints 75 cents.
May and 3m

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3, Peck-Slip.

The Beggar Boy,

A Novel,

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Just published, and to be had at Fencelon's Head, No. 1 of the City Hotel, Broadway, a SUPPLEMENT to the CATALOGUE of H. CARITAT's general and increasing Circulating Library, part III, containing a selection from his last importations of the latest and most approved books in all ARTS and SCIENCES, being a continuation of the original collection, the first catalogue of which was published in the year 1799, to be had also at said Library to make the present complete.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A REPORT having prevailed for some time, that the FURRIERS, who carry on business in WILLIAM STREET, have, from time to time, sold colored or dyed Bear and Martin Skin Muffs and Tippets, and attempted to palm them on the public as the genuine color of the skin;—I beg leave thus publicly and solemnly to declare, that I never have sold any such base and spurious articles; and altho' I cannot deny the probability of such articles having been offered for sale in the above-mentioned Street, yet I pledge myself to my friends, customers and the public, that none such have, or ever shall be offered for sale in my store.

FRANCIS WUNNENBERG,

126 William-Street, Sept. 30. 1802.

27 3m

For the Use of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81

William-Street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frazels, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c.

June 26. 1802.

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose, Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurf in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents; and pints one Dollar 25 Cents.

July 24

AN EVENING SCHOOL

Will be opened by the subscriber, on Monday, the 11th inst. at his room, in Mott-Street, three doors above the new English Lutheran Church; where WRITING, ARITHMETIC, GEOGRAPHY, &c. will be taught; strict decorum insisted on; and the utmost attention paid to his pupils. No scholars will be admitted who are not so far advanced as to write.

WALTER TOWNSEND.

October 9. 1802.

ROBERT LITTLE,

Inform his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, at No. 9 Beekman-Slip, the best of London Brown-Scout, and Porter, Philadelphia Porter warranted to keep in any climate; New-York Porter; Newark bottled Cider;—Also Claret wine of a superior quality.

Cash for empty Bottles.

June 19, 1802.

Printed & Published by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Price—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.